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L Y R I C O D E :

A DEDICATION to the KING.

Printed for the AUTHOR; and sold by Messrs. FIELDING and WALKER,
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THE

GENERAL EAST;

LYRIC ODE;

WITH

A FORM OF PRAYER



PROPER FOR THE OCCASION

AND

A DEDICATION to the KING.

By the AUTHOR of the DINNER.

Printed for the Author, and sold by Messrs. Smith, Eldon, and Co.,
No. 135, and No. 137, Strand, London.

To the KING.

S I R E,

TO dedicate to the Throne, without permission first obtained, may be called insolence and audacity by the weak and uninformed ; but those who are acquainted with the routine of business at St. James's will know, that to ask a reasonable request, is, in effect, to solicit a refusal.

A plain man, and a loyal subject, wanting, because he is plain and loyal, the necessary recommendation, must announce himself, and tell his Sovereign a truth, which his courtiers, his *friends* as they are falsely called, have either too much ignorance to discover, or too little honesty to reveal.

This truth, Sire, which every school-boy in political knowledge could confirm, is, simply, that the American war, founded in injustice, and carried on by folly, must end in irretrievable disgrace, or in absolute destruction.

The idea, Sire, of conquering a people, in arms and arts confessedly our equals, in every virtue undoubtedly our superiors, favours too much of folly, or something worse than folly, to have been promulgated by any genius less than those very contemptible which at present surround and disgrace the Throne.

Per-

Permit an old Devotee of the Brunswick line, and, in consequence, a most hearty detester of the Stuart race, to assure your Majesty of one truth, which however obvious, and however reiterated, may pass unmentioned in the circle, and would most certainly be despised in the cabinet; unmentioned because undoubtedly true, and affectingly despised for the same reason.

This truth, Sire, I give you as I feel it; and may you feel it 'ere it be yet too late.---“ Twenty such victories as have lately been obtained in America, must end in total overthrow and ruin.”

I am, SIRE,

Your Majesty's most faithful,

Dutiful and loyal subject,

The AUTHOR.

THE
GENERAL, FAST,

A
LYRICODE.

GENIUS of Britain guide my song,
Fair Freedom lure the verse along

Which spreads thy genuine praise :
No common theme the soul inspires,
I strike no inharmonious lyres,
For Freedom fills my lays.

B

Spirit

Spirit of Heav'n descend and give

Thy genius thro' the verse to live

Which sanctifies thy name ;

And curst be he, from Pole to Pole,

Whose coward and unfeeling soul

Can wish to blast its fame.

There was a time, to Britain dear,

(Its mem'ry let our sons revere)

When Western climes were ours,

When Albion's thunders thro' the world

In the red lightning's rays were hurl'd,

And aw'd the tyrant powers.

When slavish France, and abject Spain,

And all who drag the iron chain

Which haughty Despots frame,

Would dread and hate the Brunswick line,

And own Britannia's power divine,

Who leads her sons to fame.

When

When Pitt inspir'd, Wolfe drew the sword,
And ev'ry paltry tyrant lord

O'er subjects trod to dust,
Own'd that the SOUL ALONE was free,
And own'd HER right to liberty,
Who solemniz'd her trust.

But now, alas ! so chang'd the time,
(Detested thought that mars my rhyme !)

Debauch'ry holds the helm ;
Rank impotence, and dire disease
Waft Britain's flota o'er the seas,
And curse the sinking realm.

While o'er our counsels BUTE presides,
While freemen's thoughts a MANSFIELD guides,
And SANDWICH rules the deep,
Can Britain's sons, all joys foregone,
Cease to emit the plaintive moan,
And sit, and sigh, and weep !

Shall

Shall RIGBY, and shall WEYMOUTH, drunk,
Shall ev'ry knave and ev'ry punk

Whom Kings may hoist to pow'r,
Decree the empire of the seas?
---Shall we submit to THINGS like these,
Nor curse the tainted hour?

Forbid it Genius of our Isle!
ELIZA, WILLIAM, deign to smile,
And deprecate our doom!
So shall your names, to hist'ry dear,
Demand and claim each grateful tear,
Thro' ages far to come!

But sing, my Muse, in worthier strains,
Th' heroic souls who glad the plains
Where Freedom loves to dwell:
Putnam, and Washington, and Lee,
Arnold, and brave Montgomery,
The faithful page shall swell.

Mont-

Montgomery ! dear to future days,

What savage Hand the hero slays,

And drives him down to death !

May some less inauspicious arm

With forceful fire the slave disarm,

Nor stop his fleeting breath ;

But may the petty villain live

To feel each pang that vice can give,

And recreant souls can feel !

Let no, too kind, avenging sword

Arrest in death his fleeting word

By the well-pointed steel.

But let me tell, ere yet I close

The list of Britain's genuine foes,

How THEY the Fast will keep ;

How uproar, riot, murder, noise,

Shall glad the heart, and raise the voice,

While *Albion* sits to weep.

Sandwich, the scourge of this fair isle,
 With *Ray* shall laugh, and joke and smile,
 And tremble at *her* rod;
 Himself, the jest of human race,
 Shall teach his monkey new grimace,
 To scandalize his God.

North, in a purer, humbler way,
 Shall neither sing, nor fast, nor pray,
 Nor sink in dust his eyes;
 Sackcloth would hide his portly form;---
 So should he fail, the humble worm,
 To raise the *new supplies*.

Ships must be mann'd, and armies bought,
 For murd'rous views;---O curse the thought!
 And curse each German plan,
 Which deals at large in human blood,
 And stabs the brave, and stabs the good,
 At eighteen pounds per man.

North,

North, then, to God shall scorn to pray,

But seek *his* Heaven a surer way,

And all he asks obtain ;

Norton's good pensioners shall grant

Whatever fums the man may want,

Who makes his god his gain.

Germaine, alone, of all the crew,

Shall fast, and pray, and tremble too,

All Minden in his view !

“ Cowards are cruel, but the brave

“ Love mercy, and delight to save ;”

Germaine what's that to you ?

Courtiers forgive the rhyming past,

I'll tell you how *I* mean to fast,

And sanctify the day :

So God protect me, as I mean,

With heart all pure, and conscience clean,

To *feast*,---and not to pray :

Or,

Or, if I pray, my vows shall be
That every child of Liberty
May hail it's parent's name ;
And every foe, and every slave,
And ev'ry all-submissive knave,
May glory in his shame.

The festive board already met,
My friends in crowds already set,
I view in Fancy's eye:
The wine shall swell the rising soul,
We'll drink and sing without controul :—
What King so great as I ?

Our toast, “ Old Freedom thro' the world !
“ May every slave to death be hurl'd,
And every tyrant fall !”
However sanctify'd the name,
Kings have o'er us no claim to fame,
But from the KING of ALL.

Daily,

Daily, devoutly, while we live,
 Due praises to our God we'll give,
 And all his bounties own ;
 And wish some GEORGE the sceptre sway,
 And lead, through Freedom's sacred way,
 To her Imperial Throne.

D

F O R M

[3]

Daily, devoutly, while we live,
Due praises to our God we'll give,
And all his beauties own;

And with some CE
And lead, though I
To his Imperial Throne



FORM of PRAYER

Proper to be used on the

APPROACHING FAST.

GOD of the Universe! Creator and Disposer of Myriads of such aggregations of matter as we call worlds; thou, the Sovereign Dispenser of Blessings Celestial and Terrestrial; thou, "by whom Kings reign, and Princes decree justice," attend, we most humbly beseech thee, to the prayers and supplications of us, the most unworthy of thy creatures.

"In thy hands are the issues of life and death," and without thy aid shall the counsels of mortals fall to the ground. We trust not, O God, in our own strength, but in the strength we derive from thee, and in the succour afforded by thy bounty,

To thee, then, as to the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe, we address our most humble petitions, beseeching thee, in the fulness of thy mercy, to extend thine accustomed goodness to the people of this land, to protect their laws, and defend their liberties.

And, for these purposes, O Most Gracious God, we would humbly hope that it may be consistent with thy infallible and unerring will, to grant, in the issue of the contest, which now agitates our minds, success and victory to those combatants who most sincerely trust in thee, who obey thy will, who wish to support the dignity of that sacred liberty, thou hast equally imprest on the minds of all men.

There-

Therefore, O God most gracious, grant, we most humbly beseech thee, success and freedom, and all the glorious consequences of that freedom, to our fellow-men, our brethren of America.

And may that people, apparently a chosen race, be able, through all future ages, to afford an asylum to wretches, who, oppressed by the hand of power, and trodden to the dust by the pride and insolence of unfeeling Despots, may be obliged, in assertion of the general rights of humanity, to seek such an asylum during their short and uncertain pilgrimage in this, thy lower world.

We pray also, O God, for the protection of our King, his family, and all his faithful subjects.

May there never be wanting one of the illustrious line of Brunswick to sway the British sceptre, till Time shall be lost in Eternity!

And for these purposes, O God of Justice and of Mercy, wilt thou deign to hear our supplications, while we entreat thy gracious interference in behalf of the persecuted inhabitants of the Western world.

May the Sons of Liberty possess, and for ever enjoy, their undoubted birthright; and, "from the rising to the setting sun, may thy Kingdom come!"

T H E E N D.



